

A Match Made in Hell by Thiocyanate

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Summary:

Steve shows up unannounced to L ry's. You know the drill.

Connected to the other 2 Steve x Doc fics but can be read as a standalone piece.

A Match Made in Hell

“What are you doing here?” Herman asked. Steve was sitting at his desk in the Léry’s Memorial Institute -- or at least The Entity’s knockoff version of it.

“I thought that perhaps I could surprise you?” Steve answered. Herman hated how his pretty lips pulled tightly upwards in a devilish grin; his lips would look so much better elsewhere.

“Well, try harder next time”

Steve chuckled as he rose to his feet, revealing his true “surprise”

“Are you seriously wearing my coat?” Herman asked, letting out an annoyed sigh.

“Not only am I wearing your coat” Steve said with that same shit-eating grin as before “I’m wearing just your coat”

Herman’s mouth went dry and he took slow, deliberate breaths as his mind began to cloud with the dizzying effects of arousal . Steve watched as the older man raked his eyes over his body, imagining all of the things he wanted to do.

“Take it off” Herman growled, barely audible above Steve’s own heavy breathing.

“Huh?”

“Did I stutter? Do as I tell you!”

“Yeah, alright” Steve answered, shrugging the jacket off of his shoulders at a torturously slow pace; he was toying with Herman.

Herman stood completely still and stared at the younger man as he removed the only shreds of clothing covering his toned body. As soon as Steve’s body was bared to him, Herman closed the distance between them and forced his mouth to Steve’s, kissing him with a hungry passion.

"I can't wait to leave marks all over that pretty body of yours" Herman said between panting breaths.

Before Steve could answer, their mouths were once again on each other. He moaned into the kiss, pushing his hips forward in an attempt to grind on Herman's thigh.

"Look at you trying to grind against anything you can; such a needy little thing" Herman taunted.

"J-just for you" Steve groaned

"Yeah?" Herman breathed "then maybe I should get you a collar or something to remind you permanently who you belong to"

"Do it" Steve challenged.

In response, Herman pressed Steve against the wall, pinning him with his body weight. From this angle, Steve became much more aware of how much taller Herman was, as the man loomed over and stared down at him like he was a meal about to be devoured.

"That mouth of yours is annoying me, why don't you put it to better use?"

Steve nodded and sunk to his knees, pressing his face into the distinct bulge in Herman's dress pants and inhaled the musky scent.

Herman let out a content sigh as Steve started to mouth the head of his cock through his pants.

"Yeah. that's it, just like that...." he sighed

Steve undid the zipper of Herman's pants and freed his already hard dick. The heat of it was almost painful to Steve's overwhelmed nerves. Tentatively, he swiped his tongue over the tip of Herman's cock, relishing in the gasp that escaped the man above him.

Steve took Herman into his throat and sloppily bobbed his head to suck him off. Drool spilled from his mouth as he forced himself to take more.

Herman pulled him off by his hair.

“What’s gotten into you? You’re unfocused and sloppier than normal - not that I mind - but is something on your mind?”

Steve chuckled nervously, averting his gaze to the floor. Not content with that, Herman grabbed his jaw and forced him to look at him instead.

“I just...I did what you asked” Steve spluttered nervously.

“What are you on about?”

“I didn’t touch myself at all. Not once, I promise. I’m here because I need you to fuck me” Steve admitted.

“God, your face is as red as your hair right now”

“Herman, please”

Herman wrapped his hand around Steve’s throat, roughly pulling him to his feet. As soon as he was on his feet, Herman spun him around and shoved him against the wall.

He was pressed so closely that Steve could feel his erection against his thigh, he shuddered as Herman whispered into his ear “if you’re so desperate for it, then you’d better be ready for everything that I’m going to give you”

“I need you” Steve groaned “please”

Herman’s breath caught in his throat. Composing himself, he wrapped one arm around Steve to pull him flush against his body and used the other to grab his throat.

He could feel Steve swallowing nervously and squeezed experimentally.

“Okay?” Herman asked

“Anything you want babe” Steve answered

"Suck on my fingers" Herman ordered "get them nice and wet"

Taking the digits into his mouth he put his full attention to the task. His ministrations proved to be too erotic for the other, who soon retracted to start opening him up.

Herman grabbed Steve by the waist and forced him onto his hands and knees. Steve enjoyed the rougher side of things, gasping as his knees hit the cold linoleum tile.

"Herman" Steve moaned "I want you so bad it hurts"

Herman grabbed his hips with an iron grip, pulling him back towards him, fingers digging into the dips of his pelvis.

"I don't know if there's anything hotter than you moaning my name"

"Well I'd do it more if you'd just fucking get on with it!"

His response was a harsh smack to his backside.

"I'll give it to you when I'm good and ready" Herman retorted.

"You are. You're only holding back to be a little shit" Steve shot back.

"What has gotten into you? I'm going to make you regret talking back"

"Oh yeah?" Steve challenged, craning his neck to look back at the other.

Herman roughly pushed him back down, giggling when he whispered to him "there's a fine line between wanting to fuck you and wanting to murder you, Steven"

"Then why don't you murder my insides with your cock?" Steve asked, before realizing how stupid he sounded.

Herman burst out laughing "that sounds like a line from a bad porno"

"The difference between me and a pornstar is that I'm actually enjoying myself" Steve chuckled.

"And you're hot" Herman added "at least when you're writhing under me"

"Please?" Steve whined.

Herman chuckled and shook his head "patience is a virtue my dear"

"Fine" Steve groaned, accepting his defeat.

"Good boy" Herman whispered, running his fingers through his russet-brown hair. Steve sighed, pressing his forehead against the wall and enjoying the moment.

"Hmph" Herman muttered

"You alright?"

"Get back up on your knees"

Steve grinned "patience is a virtue".

As soon as his lips wrapped around Herman's length, he was forcefully held in place as Herman thrust himself into the back of his throat, causing him to choke.

"I don't recall asking you" Herman growled

"Mmph!" Steve choked out, trying to form words but being unable.

"What's that? Are you choking? That's cute. You do look awfully nice when your bratty little mouth is occupied"

Herman pushed his hips forward so that Steve's nose was nuzzling the base, resting himself there he could hear the boy's slow, measured breaths as he tried to regain control of his breathing. Reaching down, he caressed Steve's cheek before pinching his nose shut. Steve's eyes shot open and he started flailing his arms, trying desperately to free himself.

Herman let go and pulled out; Steve coughed and sputtered, drool running down his chin.

“Just trust me, okay?” Herman said, cupping Steve’s face in his hands.

“I will” Steve nodded, although he was still unsure. It wasn’t like death would kill him anyways.

“That’s my good boy” Herman cooed and Steve found himself leaning into the other’s tender touch “get up”

Steve rose to his feet without question, following Herman to one of the many window vaults scattered around Léry’s. Herman roughly pushed his body against one, causing him to bend forward out the window.

A bruising grip on his hips was Steve’s only indication that he was finally going to get what he so desperately needed.

“I’ve slicked myself up -- but that doesn’t mean this won’t burn. Ready?” Herman asked.

“Yeah, I’ve been ready for ages” Steve groaned.

Finally, after what seemed like hours of torture, Herman aligned himself and slowly pushed into Steve.

Steve gasped as the thick head penetrated him, causing a pleasant burn that spread throughout his core.

Herman pressed his body as close as he could, savouring Steve’s scent. Without warning he pushed himself all the way inside. Unable to restrain himself, Herman began quick, shallow thrusts.

"F-fuck -- you're so tight" Herman whispered as he nuzzled Steve's neck "so -- ah -- so good for me..."

Steve could only whimper in response as his body shook with desire.

"Can't keep this up -- feels too good" Herman moaned, quickening his pace.

“Please...” Steve whimpered

With a shuddering gasp, Herman spilled himself inside of Steve, relishing in how the boy clenched around him, desperately taking everything he gave him.

Without withdrawing himself, Herman took Steve's neglected dick and stroked it until Steve's body tensed and he spilled himself all over Herman's hand. His knees buckled at the intensity and Herman had to catch him in his arms.

"Hold me" Steve whimpered, resting his head against the Doctor's chest.

"Mmm-hmm" Herman hummed, still basking in his afterglow. By The Entity, he did not deserve this boy.

"Your dick is still in me" Steve added

"Problem?"

"Absolutely not"

For the first time in a long time, Herman felt something in his chest flutter.

"I think that I love you" Herman admitted

"I know that I love you" Steve answered

Herman pulled him closer into a tight embrace "I love you too"

Author's Note:

Yes I'm alive. Yes doc x Steve is still a thing.

♡♡♡

I'd make it into one fic but, like, i gotta remove comments and I like feedback. Also effort smh.